

**ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.**  
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.  
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 53 Park Row.  
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 53 Park Row.  
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.  
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.  
The Associated Press is authorized to use the name of this paper for publication of all news items transmitted to it by wire or otherwise, and the name of this paper shall appear on all such publications.  
VOLUME 60. NO. 21,169

### RESTORE COMPETITION.

**A**T THE first sign of change in the legislative tone at Washington prices of corn, pork and cotton begin to fall. The profiteers, noting an indication of a shift in the propping-up policy, which has prevailed ever since the armistice, make haste for cover.

All that is really wanted to adjust prices to fit pockets is a restoration of competitive conditions in store and factory. The Government destroyed competition at the outset of our entry into the war by furiously bidding up the prices of commodities and labor. Since hostilities ceased the endeavor has been to hold up, when it should have been to let down. In seeking to avoid an inflation of currency we have had an inflation of values. Low priced currency can in time reach par; high prices do not come down as gracefully. The economic effect of each condition is about the same.

That competition will assert itself if not interfered with has been proven over and over again. Good prices increase production, and increased production reduces cost. Plenty and fair prices produce the widest general prosperity. To meddle with natural laws is to breed evil consequences, plenty of which are now in prospect.

People confuse the meaning of co-operation and organization. The first is mutual; the last is selfish.

### INCOME DISTRIBUTION.

**T**HE figures of the income tax returns indicate a much wider distribution of money than is commonly understood. The great fortunes have not waxed, while the rewards of the working and middle classes show substantial gains. In other words, the rich are getting poorer and the "poor" richer. This is the inevitable result that follows unhampered opportunity. It is one of the reasons why the big fellows are eager for price-fixing and regulation. They want to hang on to what they have.

The first result of cutting off transfers is to destroy convenience, with small return in increment. The thing that would do more to restore surface road prosperity than anything else would be the sale of six tickets for a quarter, good anywhere.

### MEAT PRICES.

**W**RITING to Clarence Ousley, Acting Secretary of Agriculture, Louis F. Swift, head of the Chicago packing house, says:

"Prices of good and choice beef cattle on foot at Chicago have declined about \$4 per hundredweight, or nearly 25 per cent., since March 1, while lower grade beef cattle have declined as much as 15 per cent."

"During the same period wholesale dressed beef prices show an average approximately a corresponding percentage of decrease, which varies, however, in different cities from about 15 per cent. to 30 per cent."

He avers further that the profits from by-products are not concealed, and that except for three weeks from January to July Swift & Co. have lost money on their dressed beef business ranging from \$1.50 to \$7 per head of cattle purchased.

The mystery in the increased cost of all animal products therefore becomes deeper. If hides, tallow and fertilizer earn a bare sufficiency to save the packers from bankruptcy, who is getting the enormous sums paid by the public in increased prices for table and footgear? Is a retail conspiracy so vast and efficient really possible?

"A plague on both your houses" is the latest word from the British Government to labor and capital, as evidenced in its decision to no longer exercise anything more than police powers in their disputes.

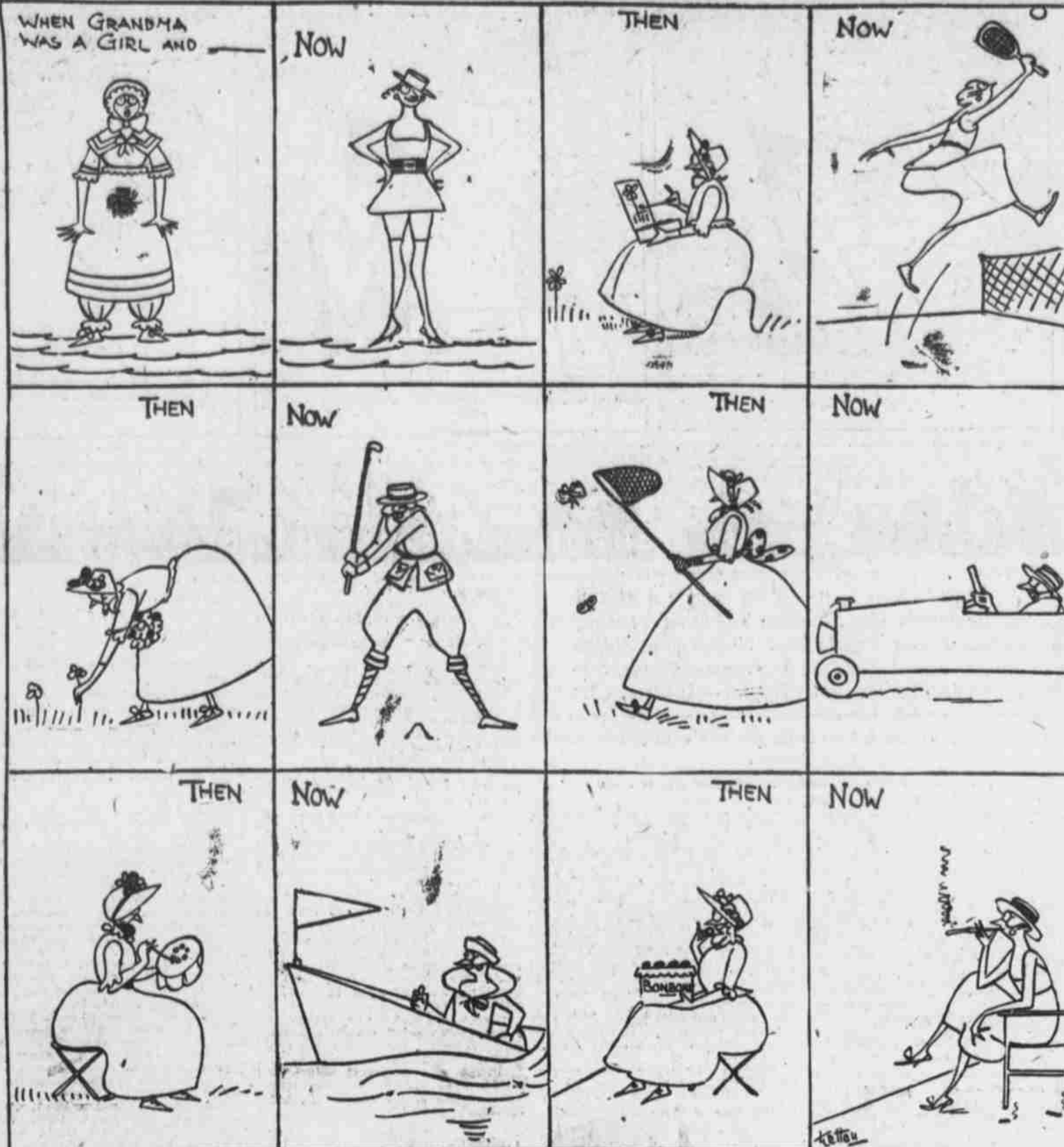
### Letters From the People.

**Why Advertise Necessities?**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Your fight against the high cost of living is very commendable. The next move should be the suppression of advertising foodstuffs and necessities of life. The buyer pays for the advertisements and I do not see how anybody wants to be induced to buy flour, meat, fruit, sugar, coal and many other products in their original state. Recent legislation shows that one can safely harm private business interests. Why should advertising agencies be more worthy of attention than brewers?  
L. F. De Backer,  
New York Athletic Club, New York.

**Daylight Saving.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In your issue of May 23 you very forcibly stated that "Americans regret none of the sacrifices for war, but there is a large and increasing number of Americans who see no reason why, with the return of peace, their sacrifices should be continued." This applies with special emphasis to the so-called Daylight Saving Law. Enacted at a time when every citizen and sacrifice were demanded to save civilization from the military forces of a nation gone mad, the people cheerfully bore the burden it imposed. Workingmen and farmers, with their women and children, uncomplainingly accepted the judgment of their legislators and adjusted themselves to its necessity. Now that peace has returned the farmers, through their associations, and the workingmen, through the American Federation of Labor, demand the lifting of this greatest curse in the aftermath of war, the Daylight Saving Law.  
If the will of the people so ably represented by their Senators and Representatives at Washington is

## In the Good Old Summer Time

By Maurice Ketten



## Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Company (The New York Evening World).  
THE average man's love begins with audacity—and ends with mendacity.

A widow is sometimes foolish enough to buy a second husband with the money she saved by feeding her first husband on half portions.

When a man can calmly wait twenty-four hours before attempting to patch up a quarrel with a woman his love is already in the cold-storage vault.

There is probably nobody on earth quite so humbly grateful as a brilliantly clever woman who discovers that a man loves her for the dimple in her chin.

No matter how many wrinkles a widow may have in her face, she usually has enough clever ones at her finger tips to offset them.

One kiss will sometimes sweeten a whole summer as effectively as one lump of sugar will sweeten a whole can of skimmed milk.

A man no longer "pleads with a girl" to marry him; he merely pleads guilty to loving her, and then closes his eyes, while she "passes sentence" and decides when he shall begin "serving time."

Making a man tell you that he loves you is something like teaching a cat to jump through a hoop—you don't expect him to do it gracefully, but the astonishing thing is that he does it at all.

If women told men no more than men tell women about themselves or about one another, this world would be so silent that you could hear a pin drop from New York to San Francisco.

It isn't the fear of being shipwrecked that prevents a bachelor from embarking in the sea of matrimony, but the horror of being becalmed.

W. H. WARD,  
No. 3643 Bay 16th Street.

**Consider the Sparkling Wine!**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I see by your editorial of yesterday's issue headed "France Boosts Duties on American Shoes," and undoubtedly she will on many other American products. Why should she not? Those fanatics at Washington, under the rule of that despotic body, known as the worst lot of fanatics, headed by a certain man of the Anti-Saloon League, any country has ever known, prohibits the importation of French wines, one of France's greatest assets. In 1914, before the Prussian Kaiser cursed the world, France produced 1,500,000,000 gallons of good wine, and now not a drop of French wine is allowed to be imported into this so-called free country. Are American manufacturers and producers to be hoodwinked by these fanatics and hypocrites and cowards in Washington?  
WILLIAM OSBORN,  
Walnut Hills Farms, N. J.  
**What Century?**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A says this is the twentieth century. B says it is the nineteenth century. Please tell me who is right.  
ALBERT KNOEPEL,  
No. 23 Bergenline Avenue,  
Union Hill, N. J.  
We are living in the twentieth century.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Company (The New York Evening World).  
The Department of Children in Department Stores Exhibits Bolshevik Tendencies.

**M**RS. JARR was shopping and was taking her children with her. "Now, mind you, Willie and Emma," cautioned Mrs. Jarr, "I am not going to get a thing for either of you!" Then she asked the saleslady where the ice picks and tumbler were.

"Glass 'n' hardware counters, rear and 't' right in basement," answered the obliging girl.

"Boy, maw, git me a ball 'n' bat," urged Willie Jarr.

"I wanna doll, I wanna doll 'n' Jacks. I wanna book, I wanna— Here little Emma was cut short in her speech by her mother, who shook her by the arm.

"You are not going to get a thing," said Mrs. Jarr. "You promised me if I let you come along you wouldn't ask me for a thing!"

"Hokey!" cried Willie. "Look at the funny colored baby!"

"Anyway, it's got manners and dat's more dan 'ot' white trash has!" remarked the indignant colored woman in reply, and then, turning to a saleslady, "How com dat 'spectable customers get insulted by ornery, low down—"

"Willie Jarr, wait till I get you home!" cried Mrs. Jarr, after dragging her offspring to an aisle of

safety—the middle aisle.

"I wanna engine and train of cars!" cried Willie.

"I wanna doll, and a ball 'n' Jacks and a book and some candy!" screamed little Emma.

"There, I'll show you!" cried Mrs. Jarr, drawing her hands loose and administering sundry smacks. Then she weakened, as their screams attracted general attention. "There, now, mamma didn't mean to do it; but you worry her so!" she said.

"Stop crying and I'll get you what you want, but I won't if you don't stop this instant!" Both children suddenly stopped crying.

"I want the wooden train of cars," said Willie. "It's got more cars to it and you can see the people."

"But the iron trains are more durable," said Mrs. Jarr. "Those wooden trains are so flimsy."

## "Our Post-War Problems"

By Col. Arthur Woods

Assistant to the Secretary of War.

(Written Especially for The Evening World.)  
**T**HE old saying that "God looks after little children and the United States" still has a good deal of truth behind it. Not only has America been singularly fortunate in her war experience, sustaining the smallest of losses both in human lives and in material damage, but the country is now recovering from the war with rapidity and smoothness.

Many of the countries of Europe are finding the solution of the post-war problems almost as intricate as the prosecution of the war itself.

Our newspapers have mentioned the reports of unemployment among the discharged soldiers and sailors of the United States. Unemployment is also a problem in England, France and Italy, where conditions have reached more acute stages. We are here demobilizing our army and navy as fast as our transportation facilities permit. Already nearly 70 per cent. of the men in the service are back in civilian dress. But practically all the European Governments have deliberately prolonged demobilization in order to forestall an increase in unemployment.

In this country our post-war problem is not merely to find a job for a discharged soldier—it is a far greater task than merely this.

Our work is not done and will never be done until 100 per cent. of the returning service men have been fitted into the job for which their ambitions yearn.

No man readily gives up his own life, nor does he readily take the life of another; and when men have been through such an experience it stirs them up completely. And they have got the habit, which is strongly fixed, of the glory of doing things that are worth while; of the glory of work, not only for the daily wage but for the sake of feeling that they have done their share toward accomplishing something that they thought was well worth the accomplishment.

It is fitting for us that we should cherish such ambitions on the part of our service men. It is at once the difficulty and the opportunity that confronts us as a Nation. It is a task that must be met only by gratifying such ambitions that our fighting men may hold to their battle-born hopes and see that they come to successful fruition. This new-found ambition of our returning soldiers and sailors is probably the best thing about them. If we should make one single move in our effort to place the soldier back in civil life which would tend to stamp out his high ambition for better things, we should be false to the trust that is given to us.

We are not going to rest content simply by writing off a few hundreds or thousands of men as having been offered some sort of a job; we will not feel content—and this is our problem—until we find for every one of these men that sort of a job that will give each individual what he is after—the better chance.

Another phase of the question is the fact that many of the men who must be placed again in civil life will have no opportunity to go back to their old jobs because their wounds have unfitted them for the work which once they did. There are 2,000 soldiers who suffered major disabilities and 50,000 more who were partially incapacitated for their old jobs. Here is our real opportunity.

We must train these men and we must fit these men into new jobs, strange jobs. They must be educated to understand that there really are people who are anxious to help them get upon their feet; that there are people who are willing to train them for any one of a hundred vocations which they can be fitted to fill, and that there are people with whom their physical disability will count for nothing and who will employ them when they are ready to work.

On the other side, the employers of labor must be taught to see the merit which really lies in these men. They must learn that the ambitions which our fighting blood has brought home with it are real and large and abiding. They will find that it is courses in men who are loyal, full of hope and zeal; men who are going to do far more for the country than it can do for them. They must realize that it is very far from being an indication of unwholesomeness and rebellious discontent.

This is not a mere generalization. Facts prove my statements.

When they went to war soldiers were subjected to certain mental and psychological tests by which their officers visualized their capacities. One firm has examined in a similar way 600 of its homecoming soldiers and sailors. It has found that 64 per cent. of them have increased in efficiency, that 33 per cent. of them are about the same and only 4 per cent. of them—these as a rule were not long in service—have gone backward.

The War Department is not only a war agency, but it is also a peace agency which looks after the general welfare of the soldier after he is discharged. Our office maintains a staff of officers who are touring the country in quest of employment for Uncle Sam's ex-service men. In Washington our aim is to secure the co-operation of existing governmental and welfare agencies and to perform all the new peace duties without increasing the governmental machinery.

Our inquiry department, all Washington in the soldier's final resort in time of trouble, and any questions sent to my office are promptly answered.

Even Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker was quiet when he was told of the

dog's demise.

The funeral occurred Saturday. The dog was placed in Obidiah Tarbox's driver and taken to the bank of the river. There nearly half a hundred persons stood and saw all that was mortal of him consigned to a hole in the ground. It was a well behaved crowd, although there was one fight.

This was stopped quickly by Constable Brown, who hit both men and then ran swiftly, causing the combatants to chase him far from this sorrowful spot.

When the dog had been lowered into the hole a little girl stepped to the fore. She held up one hand. It was Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, gowned in black tulle cheesecloth.

"Friends," she said, "I have prepared a little poem for this solemn occasion. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes," yelled little Pinky Graham. "Aw, he hollered it before we got a chance to join in like you told us," said little Masie Meaney, speaking for six other youngsters.

"Children! You must be gentle," said Miss Doolittle. "I will now read the poem in response to your many requests."

In a low tone, indicating sorrow, the poetess read the following: Lipton Tarbox, you are gone, Our canine friend he is no more. Over in the East we see the dawn, A better life for you in store.

You were a friend of all the children, Nobody you could knock, Even if you did get angry one day And bite Grandpa Tarbox.

My sister's child, Teeney Rickits, Dressed up like a ghost And scared several colored children, Teeney, stop that hoax!

But, getting back to this occasion, Lipton Tarbox, rest in peace! You deserve a heavenly collar of gold, You were kind—even to fleas!